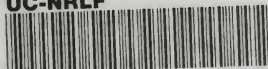
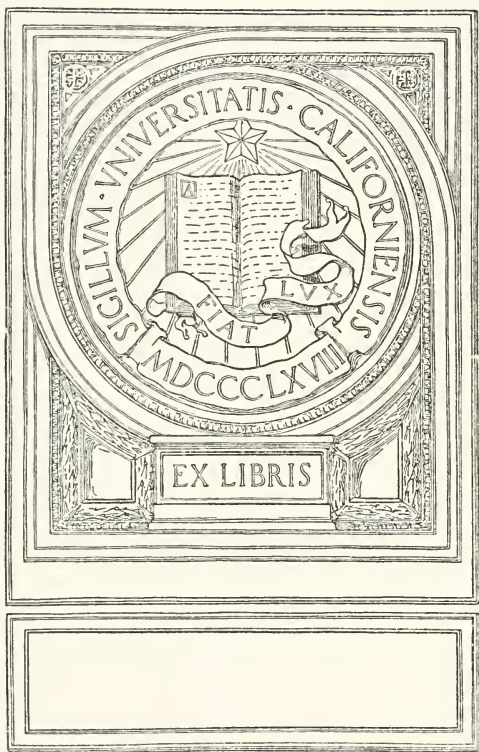


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RUSKIN'S LETTERS.

My dear Sir

Just after I received
your second letter a violent
attack of an ignoble, but
sufficiently redoubtable sleep-
toothache kept me at home
four languid days & sleepless
nights. I am better - but
can't get out yet. I am
very sorry not to have seen the
picture but I will most
certainly take measures - a
opportunity to see this one -
or some other of your friends
works - My hand is never
still - even this bad with
to believe me truly yours,
J. Ruskin.

LETTERS
FROM
JOHN RUSKIN
//
TO
ERNEST CHESNEAU.

Edited by Thomas J. Wise.



London: Privately Printed.

1894.

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NOTE.

The following brief reminiscence of M. Ernest Chesneau (to whom the letters contained in these pages were addressed) has been kindly furnished by Mr. Frank Randal.

It was in *June*, 1889, that a friend asked me to accompany him to visit M. Chesneau at his apartment in the Rue St. Louis-en-l'île. Having known and appreciated his book, *La Peinture Anglaise*, it was a great pleasure to me to make his personal acquaintance; and our mutual admiration for Turner and Ruskin being a bond of sympathy, I frequently spent a Sunday in his company.

He was then a great sufferer, so far as I could judge, though he rarely

spoke of himself. I believe his ailment was paralysis in the lower limbs. He was compelled to sit at his library table in a mechanical chair, and to wheel himself from one room to another.

I have an idea that at one time he was attached to the staff of the Musée du Louvre. He wrote for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and was the author of a *Study* of Sir Joshua Reynolds, published in a "Celebrated Painter" series to which Hamerton contributed an essay on Turner. In July, 1889, M. Chesneau told me that, having the opportunity, he intended to resume his study of Turner; and he borrowed from me a portfolio of engravings, photographs, and copies of that master's works, as likely to be of assistance to him. Whether he ever made any substantial progress with this projected work upon Turner I am unable to say. He died in the following year (1890)—in his fifty-

seventh year, if my memory serves me rightly.

I was informed that M. Chesneau intended to protest, in company with one or two French painters, against the custom of encouraging young English artists to study in the Paris schools; the ground of objection being that our national art has qualities of its own, which might become lost in consequence of a foreign training. Whether this protest was ever made public, I cannot now recall to mind.

In 1885 one of M. Chesneau's books, *The English School of Painting*, was translated into English by L. N. Etherington, and published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., with a *Preface* by John Ruskin.

FRANK RANDAL.

ERRATA.

P. 24, for "*Peintres Contemporaires*," read "*Peintres Contemporains*."

P. 30, for "*Artistes Contemporaires*," read "*Artistes Contemporains*."

LETTERS

PROF. RUSKIN'S
LETTERS TO ERNEST CHESNEAU.

LETTER I.

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.,
February 1st, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,

My publisher has forwarded your letter to me ; and while I am deeply flattered and gratified by its contents, I must yet respectfully pray you to waive your intention of making extracts from my works at present. There are many imperfect statements and reasonings in them, which I wish to complete

before their publication is extended. Some papers begun last year in *The Art Journal*, under the title of *The Cestus of Aglaia*, were intended to do this: they were interrupted by broken health. As soon as I am able to resume and complete these, I should be very grateful to any translator who would honour me by putting them before the public in France.

Believe me, Sir,
With sincere respect,
Your faithful Servant,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER II.

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.,

February 13th, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sincerely obliged by the favour of your letter, and of the volumes which accompanied it, and I am heartily grateful for the flattering expression of your wish to translate, and write an introduction to, some of my works. I am quite sure that I could never hope for more just and more charitable interpretation. I am entirely convinced that the spirit (*body* I would more sadly say) of the age is such as to render it wholly impossible for it to nourish or receive any great art whatsoever. It has polluted

and crushed our Turner into the mad-
nesses which you saw (and which none
mourned more than I), it has turned
your Gustave Doré into a mirror of
the mouth of Hell; made your Gérôme
an indecent modeller in clay instead of
a painter, and puffed up the conscien-
tious vanity of the Germans into un-
seemly mimicries of ancient error and
hollow assumption of repulsive religion.
I have no hope for any of us but in a
change in the discipline and framework
of all society, which may not come to
pass yet, nor perhaps at all in our days ;
and therefore it is that I do not care
to write more, or to complete what I
have done, feeling it all useless. Still
less to send it abroad in its crude state.

Always, believe me,

My dear Sir,

Faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER III.

[DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.,
1867.]

MY DEAR SIR,

Just after I received your second letter a violent attack of illness—toothache—kept me at home four languid days and sleepless nights. I am better, but cannot get out yet.

I am very sorry not to have seen the picture, but I will most certainly take measures—or opportunities—to see this one, or some other of your friend's work. My hand is nervous still—excuse this bad writing.

And believe me,

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER IV.

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.

October 25th, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR,

Arriving at home I find your very interesting book, and your obliging letter. I am very proud of the interest which you do me the honor to take in my work; but all that I have said or tried to say, is so incomplete and so brokenly arranged, that I have little satisfaction in anyone's reading it until I can, if life is spared me, fill up the deficient and confused portions, and then reduce all into clearer form. My secretary rightly sent you the volume containing the clearest statements of

principle respecting landscape which have yet been possible to me. Your work seems to have been most conscientiously performed, and the characteristics of the different schools admirably delineated. But I think you interest yourself in too many people. There are never more than one or two great painters in any nation at one time ; when *they* are once understood, the schoolwork is easily massed around them. Nevertheless I admit that there is considerable interest in all modern schools, about the men who have missed their destiny, and would have been great, if this or that evil star had not afflicted them.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Sincerely and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER V.

ST. CERGUES,
VAUD,
SWITZERLAND.

September 4th, 1882.

My DEAR SIR,

I got your kind letter at Champagnole, but could not reply till to-day : partly because I felt some hesitation in venturing to suggest anything to you beyond the conclusions which you have taken so great care in arriving at ; and my chief object in writing to-day is to thank you with all my heart for the books you have favoured me by sending to England, and to assure you of the sincere interest with which I shall examine them on my return. And, as I said in my former note, you should at

once have any of mine that bore on your subject. But I believe those I have ordered my publisher to send—my introductory series of *Oxford Lectures : The Two Paths :* and *Pre-Raphaelitism*—are nearly all that refer to the business you have in hand. And as I see by referring to your first letter that the notice of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is to form a *suite d'études*, I will defer the statement of anything that personally interests me in the school until I have had the privilege of reading your opening papers.

This, only, I think it may be well that I should say as to the relation of their aims to mine ; that—without being actually conscious of their concurrence with me—they were the first who practically carried out the methods of study from Landscape which were recommended in my analysis of the Art of Turner ; and that with them, as with him, the Nature or the Motive of human

passion which they represented were always *primary*—the making of a picture, *secondary*.

To Claude and Poussin, rocks and trees were only created in order to make Claudesque and Poussinesque compositions. But, in Turner's mind, he himself and all that is in him were only made to paint rocks and trees. Similarly the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood systematically subordinated their pictures to the reality—and became often harsh and apparently artless, from intensity of honest emotion.

Pardon this hasty and too confused writing, after a day of some fatigue. And with renewed thanks for your kind expressions in your last letter,

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Ever your faithful Servant,

J. RUSKIN.

In case any occasion come for writing me, "*poste restante*, Milan," is safe for a fortnight hence.

LETTER VI.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.W.

December 13th, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,

I must thank you very earnestly, in the name of English artists, for your candid and laborious enquiry into the just claims of our principal modern school. And indeed I will do all in my power to assist you in the matter ; but for the old books or newspaper articles of mine, I am without copies or memory myself ; and I am ashamed to see by the sentence in your second page—"que vous avez voulu m'offrir "—that there must have been some mistake or delay in sending you the books I intended for you.

E

I cannot think that I neglected to write to my publisher. But, in any case, he has order now to forward to you the collection of my letters, which contains, I think, most of those on *Pre-Raphaelitism*—and two volumes of my Oxford Lectures, which, however, I fear you will find too general to be of interest to you.

I entreat your pardon for my apparent carelessness; but I believe the mistake has not been mine, and I am now at your command in any way you will direct me for your service.

With every sentiment of esteem and respect,

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER VII.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.,
December 15th, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,

By enclosed note from my publisher you will see that the three books I spoke of were sent to your address on *September 7th*. Two of them (the *Inaugural Lectures*, and *Pre-Raphaelitism*) are again sent registered; and I believe the *Arrows of the Chace* are likely to be more useful to you than *The Two Paths*. Perhaps the missing parcel may be recoverable; in that case

would you kindly return the duplicates
to Mr. Allen.

With sincere respect,

I am always, my dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER VIII.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.,
December 20th, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,

I will not regret my mistake in understanding your first letter, since it has procured me the pleasure of renewed correspondence ; and since you so kindly assure me of the interest you find in the mixed letters. I have to thank you for the return of the duplicate books, and will give my publisher directions to send you any others on his list which you may wish to see.

The method of verbal derivation which you have adopted is of course

right, both for French and English construction : but I think that "Pre-Raphaelism" would properly express the method or manner of the painters who actually lived before Raphael—as "Raphaelism" might generally be applied to the style of all his school, at every subsequent date. Pre-Raphaelitism is, it seems to me, the proper term to express the peculiar tenets of the sect you have been examining, which called itself "Pre-Raphaelite"; or, with still greater exclusiveness, "*The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren.*"

But it is very likely I may have been betrayed into using the word of the antique schools themselves, in which application it would be entirely wrong ; while, on the other hand, if in your own chapters you have hitherto used the term "Pre-Raphaelisme," there is no occasion whatever to insert the "it" in reference to my pamphlet.

TO E. CHESNEAU. 19

Use your own word as you feel it easily applicable; a line of footnote would be enough to explain the partial and temporary meaning of mine.

Ever, dear M. Chesneau,

Your faithful Servant,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER IX.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.,
December 28th, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,

Let me first wish you whatever the Christmas and New Year's Day can bring of good—whether in present pleasure, or encouragement in your earnest and careful work.

I have ordered the four books, in which you kindly express an interest, to be sent at once to your address; praying you only to acquit me of the egotism of asking you to read such cartloads of me.

I shall look for the album with

much interest. Herkomer's portrait is full of character, but is not *like* in the ordinary sense. The photograph I hope to send with this letter is, I think, the likest that has been done lately. They are the best; those of some years back have a sickly look which is, to say the least of it, exaggerated.

I have no recollection of the letter to New York, but am quite sure the tend of it would be exactly what the New York critic gives. I was quite furious at the American war, and have been so ever since, whenever I thought of it.

Nor, alas, can I tell you whether Patmore indeed wrote or spoke to me about Hunt. I cannot doubt that he did. But my real introduction to the whole school was by Mr. Dyce, R.A., who dragged me, literally, up to the Millais picture of *The Carpenter's Shop*, which I had passed disdainfully, and

forced me to look for its merits. Afterwards, various friends asked me to look at this picture, or that ; until Millais' *Huguenot*, and Hunt's *Light of the World*, asserted the power of the school without my further need of help from anybody.

Millais first showed me the beauty of extreme minuteness and precision, my own predilections having been formed by such work as Correggio's background in the *Antiope*, and Tintoret's in the *Susannah*—which France disgraces herself by putting up out of sight in the Louvre, while she exhibits Rembrandt's beastly old woman as close as she can get her. What a shame, too, to put those divine frescoes of Botticelli (fearfully spoiled as they are by transit and repair) outside in the passage—and with no glass over them !

Please ask me anything you care to know my feeling about ; my *memory* is no good for things of detail long ago,

but the general result of them I can assure you of.

Ever with true respect and regard,

Believe me faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

M. Ernest Chesneau.

LETTER X.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.,
December 30th, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,

I am so very glad to hear of the
Peintres Contemporaires.

Alas, I wish they were better worth
your time! Yet they do wonderful
things often—but so seldom right
ones.

It delights me that you are interested
in *Eagle's Nest*, and that you tell me of
the question you feel about anatomy.
I have not enough expressed in that
book one important point in the matter,
namely that a painter's knowledge of
anatomy *must* always be superficial

and vulgar—therefore pretentious, and harmful to his dignity of character.

Hold up your thumb with its back towards you, so as to see the muscles that move it at the back of the hand. Bend it, and move it (without moving the rest of the hand) to the right and left, variously stretching and bending it. How many days, or months, do you suppose it would take to understand and illustrate by diagrams, comprehensively, the relative play of the working sinews, and the action of the skin in following it, in the case of that single digit? And after you had mastered the entire machinery of these, do you suppose you would be one bit nearer the power of either *choosing the exactly right action* which would express the passions of the hand,—or of painting it with the right foreshortenings of the bends, and gradations of relief in skin and muscle? You would be a twelvemonth in mastering the gestures

of *one* hand of your hero! and when you had anatomized it, wouldn't be a bit nearer painting it; while trusting to your sight and genius, you might sketch the hand full of life in twenty positions in as many minutes—and never think of one bone or one sinew all the time!

Of course great men generally get interested in anatomy; and of course also in Sculpture the object of the statue is often to express and illustrate the sinews. But in Painting, given the absolute power of the artist, less or more, and the rule holds absolutely—the more he is of an anatomist, the less he is of a painter.

Pardon my scrawled letter, but if I write neatly I can't think; and if I think carefully, I can't write.

Ever faithfully and heartily yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
January 6th, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

I have got home to my hills, and find your delightful books waiting for me. They are the only things I have yet looked at, out of the heaps which my long absence in Italy has raised on my table. And I had also your long and valuable letter of the *2nd*, and to-day your sweet little note of the *4th*. I am so sorry that we are now two days' post distant, so that at first I must have seemed neglectful of these last letters.

The books are extremely and

instantly delightful to me, at once in their earnestness—candour—courtesy—and evidently right and safe principles. It seems to me that we are both of us absolutely at one—or *as* one—so far as principles go ; this is really everything. The particular applications either of us may make of principle, must vary as our different sides or points of view, and natural feelings. But I am sure I shall be able to sympathize with you, and you with me, on all broad grounds. I am particularly pleased by what you say of Turner, though (as yet) I have not found *enough* said. I am going to look out some things—engravings, fragmentary copies, and the like—which I want you to look at and to keep ; and we'll have out the anatomy question some day. In the meantime, will you ask the next lover you meet how far he thinks the beauty of his mistress's fore-arm depends on

the double bones in it ; and of her humerus on the single one ?

I expect much from the book on Artists' education. But they're very like pigs, as far as *I* know them ; and all I can say is—I hope that flogging won't be abolished in any schools instituted for them by modern enlightenment !

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

M. Ernest Chesneau.

LETTER XII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
January 10th, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

Everything has come rightly except the *Artistes Contemporaires*. But that is sure to be safe at Herne Hill, and I have more than I can at present deal with in the *Education*, *Chimère*, and *Carpeaux*.

I have spoken hitherto only of the points in which we have sympathy. This *Life* of Carpeaux, I see by the illustrations, will bring out all those in which our habits of thought and temperament differ. But I must carefully read before I say more.

I hastily (through *interest* more than want of time) ran through the *Chimère*. It is a grand bit of—intensely French!—romance, and French romance is gradually becoming European. But it makes me very sad, except the last sentence. I wish *I* had hope of being with the people I love, after a little ear-pulling!

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R[USKIN].

LETTER XIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, AMBLESIDE,
January 30th, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

I was deeply grateful for the tenderness, and sweet grace of compliment, in your last letter—but could not answer till I had thought upon what you said, and what was really the difference of view between us with respect to art like that of poor Carpeaux. And then I had a bad fit of cold and face-ache, and much to attend to suddenly on returning to duty in Oxford. And here is your loving letter reproaching me! 13th, and this the 30th!

But indeed I feel it now (seeing what power a man of your enthusiastic and amiable genius will have in future France) a very true privilege, and a most precious one, to have your ear—nay, and see much of your heart also—open to me on these questions; and to receive from you the interpretation of much that I had too rashly overlooked or condemned.

But I cannot enter the margin even of what I want to discuss with you, yet; for I have not got the parcel of things I must appeal to, which I said I was looking for, and I have not half read the book yet. Please, what sickness did Carpeaux die of with so much suffering? I wonder what he would have been if he had been brought up like me, with every indulgence of his disposition, and with never wearied care for his health and comfort!

Alas, those photographs you read so subtly are not worth your pains. The

Barbe de Fleuve only came because I was too ill to shave ; and all the rest of the face is saddened and weakened by anger, disappointment, and various forms of luxury and laziness. Not that I distrust your interpretation of what good there really must be in it, since you can be pleased with it at all.

Carpeaux's would have been beautiful, had he been fortunate in his youth ; mine would have been stronger had I been *unfortunate—in good time !*

Forgive this incoherent page, and believe me

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
March 28th, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

I have been knocked about from place to place lately, and knocked down with business—or, now and then, tempting idleness—wherever I went ; else I had written you often, for I often think of you, or *with* you.

I hope, with *this* letter, you will receive a parcel from London which I have been vain enough to hope your acceptance of. It contains the best proofs which in the present state of the plates I can strike for you of some of the plates of *Modern Painters*, which I hope

may in the future be of some interest as examples of delicate English engraving; and those by my own hand on the steel, of what I *meant* in reference to the use of the etching point. On the back of the mounts the pencil notes indicate those by my own hand, and those which are engraved from drawings; and if you will give five minutes' glance at the former with a lens, you will see at once through what sort of work I have been led to such scrupulosity or fastidiousness in execution as makes me angry at those fast sketches of the modern French school.

I am also binding for you a copy of Rogers' *Poems*, with the best impressions I can get of the vignettes by Turner, which I think you may not have met with in Paris. And I hope in my lectures at Oxford in May, to be able to enforce some of my most cherished beliefs by quotations from your writings on English Art.

TO E. CHESNEAU. 37

Is there any chance of my seeing
you in London this spring? I want so
much to see you, and am always

Your faithful and grateful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

À Mons. Ernest Chesneau.

LETTER XV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
April 3rd, 1883.

DEAR, VERY TRULY DEAR, M. CHES-
NEAU,

I am so very, very sorry for you, and yet so glad that you have had your mother to love so long, and that you have so loved her: and that her loss, at this age, is yet so noble a sorrow to you.

There is no human sorrow like it. The father's loss, however loved he may have been, yet can be in great part replaced by friendship with old and noble friends. The mother's is a

desolation which I could not have conceived, till I felt it.

When I lost my mistress, the girl for whom I wrote *Sesame and Lilies*, I had no more—nor have ever had since, nor shall have—any joy in exertion; but the loss of my mother took from me the power of Rest.

But I am still further grieved by what you tell me of your failing health. I do not understand why you are losing strength in *walking*? All your writing is so vigorous and eager that I have been thinking of you and fancying you a man of extreme activity. Please write me details about this. You may have been using the vital energy too much in writing.

I am sick of the delay in the binding of the book for you. Here are six plates which I chance to find by me out of a fine old proof copy (but unhappily stained by damp) which may be good for chatting over with engravers.

I don't think there is anything but *pure* line, or pure mezzotint or etching, employed in the plates of *Modern Painters*. My own are quite simple point etching on steel, with no process but carefully gradated biting; and my ideal of etching is to keep it independent of gradation in bite.

I will see if I can get a copy of Eastlake's book on Oil Painting for you, but I don't myself feel that anything is wanting to the *métier*.

I cannot tell you how grateful and proud I am in your sympathy in the things I have endeavoured to say.

Ever your faithful and affectionate,
J. RUSKIN.

I must write again to-morrow; I want to tell you about plans for Oxford lectures.

LETTER XVI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
April 4th, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

I had no time, or rather (for I could have made the time) I did not like to encumber the pure expression of my sympathy and solicitude with talk of common things; else I was eager to tell you how wonderful I think the justice and completeness of your *Peinture Anglaise* the more I read it. Far, far beyond anything that has been done by Englishmen themselves in the collective and exhaustive statement of all that has been done in our—not as you most truly say, school,

but tentative fellowship of men rather striving each to find a way of his own, than to find with the rest what was right.

I am to give four lectures in Oxford this year, the three first (one already given) on the modern school only; the last will really be little more, it seems to me, than a series of quotations from your book, giving the range which you have so simply and rightly seized—Hogarth to Kate Greenaway.

I think you will be a little envious of me when I tell you that I hope for the *real* "sourire délicieux" to mingle here with the light of April flowers. She is coming to stay for ten days or a fortnight at Brantwood, I hope on the 10th.

There are one or two of the illustrations of the *Peinture Anglaise* which I should like to see cancelled, or bettered; that for instance of Gainsborough's *Watering Place*, and those

of Landseer, might be much more characteristic.

On the other hand I am amazed by the exquisite precision and power of the series from Hogarth. I cannot understand how you were able to get these—and Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*—so perfectly done, and yet fail in the commonplaces of Landseer, and the simplicities of Crome. And we must together plan something better for Turner also.

Some of the Sir Joshuas are also very admirable ; the *Sophia Matilda* quite *lovely*.

Ever, dear M. Chesneau,

Truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER XVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
April 13th, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

I am so deeply grateful to you for the confidence, and the grace of permitting me to know all that grief, and the life of early days.

Your letter leaves me full of sorrow and wonder. But in your next letter will you please relieve, if possible, my anxiety about your present health. I have known cases of paralysis caused by grief lasting for years—but yet in the end conquered.

I cannot understand the advance of the illness in the limbs, while yet your

mind is so perfectly powerful and active. I read the first page of your letter to Kate Greenaway at breakfast—with the double delight of enjoying the beautiful words and thoughts in themselves, and of feeling what pleasure they must give her ; though she looked very much ashamed, and very deprecatory. But while you can feel and write like that, I can't but think the bodily illness *must* be conquerable.

All the rightness of your criticism is explained to me at once in this letter by your one sentence : “ L'amour de la nature m'a conduit à l'amour de l'art.” I shall remember the eighth of April—nor less—Eugenie.

I will not trespass on you more to-day, except to say how glad I am you enjoy the Turner vignettes.

Ever your loving
JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER XVIII.

UNIVERSITY GALLERIES,
OXFORD,

May 29th, 1883.

DEAREST M. CHESNEAU,

I read the two last pages of *La Peinture Anglaise* at last lecture, and have to read them again to-morrow. And I've ever so much to say to you, but the letter is always too important to be written.

I do hope to get something told you to-morrow of what I've had to do. I'll answer all your questions about Kate—but you didn't *guess* all quite right!

Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XIX.

[OXFORD.]

June 12th, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

Forgive my MS. paper *—but I want to advise you that the Rogers poems *are* sent at last, by the binder's mistake detained so long. And I think you will have pleasure in most of the plates, which you will see are proof, and for the most part in finest state. The spotting of the book by damp is now universal in all proof copies, and in most of them spoils the plates also.

* This letter is written upon a small sheet of Manuscript paper, instead of upon ordinary Note-paper.

I am eager to see the etchings sent to Brantwood, but am still over-pressed with Oxford work.

But am ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XX.

OXFORD,
June 17th, 1883.

VERY DEAR M. CHESNEAU,

The little bit of enclosed paper, which came this morning by way of signature, will I hope reassure you as to Miss Kate. I shall have to scold her soon about small feet ! she's getting *too* absurd.

I never answered your questions—and I think I had better not ! Except only, that—she's dark ! not fair ! and she's as good and dear as can be.

I send you a little tiny book of Richter which I chance to have by me, and will get the others for you—but

you're *not* to go on caring for those Dutch brutes!

Ever your loving,

J. R[USKIN.]

How delightful, all you tell me of those drawing lessons!

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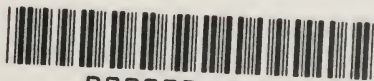
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